

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

How Dick Stanmore Kept Silent

By ADA M. STEAD.

(Copyright, 1900, by Ada M. Stead.)

The hot burning rays of an Australian sun beat fiercely on the little log hut where Jack Enderby lay dying. The angry flush of fever had been succeeded by a deadly pallor and the labored breath came in quick panting sobs from his breast. By his side, holding his emaciated hand in his strong, firm grasp, sat Dick Stanmore, his old chum and partner, who waited on him with more than a woman's tenderness.

Dick, a handsome giant, with tawny beard and mustache, dressed in the typical garb of a gold-digger, blue canvas shirt open at the neck, and trousers that had once been white, was sitting beside the doctor from the little township of Warrabuloo, had told him his friend could not possibly live to see another sun rise. Suddenly the dying man spoke in a soft low whisper that could hardly be heard:

"Dick, old friend, when I am gone, you'll go home and look after Elsie. I know I can trust you to do so. Give her my love of our savings, with my dearest love. Looking back now, I see what a miserable mistake I made in leaving England, but it was done for her sake. Waste no time after I am gone, dear boy, for her father is an old man, and ailing, and his small income dies with him. Give me a drink, he murmured faintly, "this dreadful thirst consumes me."

Dick gently raised his head, and he drank the water greedily, then, after a short silence, he continued:

"Before I sleep, I have another request to make. I want you to find another hiding-place for the dust, Dick; somehow I feel uneasy about it, and wish we had sent it off to Melbourne last month with the transport. Can you not think of any likely place?"

To humor his dying friend, Dick went to the corner of the hut, and taking down some logs that formed a partition, drew out a good-sized tin box, saying as he did so, "If it will make you any easier, Jack, I think I know just the place for it. When I was rabbit-shooting a few weeks ago, I discovered a hole among the roots of those eucalyptus trees over yonder that might have been made for it; it is quite concealed from view by the stones and the coarse grass that grows there; no one would possibly dream of it as a hiding-place."

"Take it at once," gasped his friend, eagerly. "I can die easier if I know it is safe; don't even confide in Pete, honest though I believe him to be."

A satisfied smile passed over his worn features, as Dick left the hut, carrying away the box and its precious contents. Dick carefully deposited it in its hiding-place without anyone being the wiser, for it was a lonely region where he and Enderby had been working for the last three years.

The Black Gulch Gully, as it was called, was indeed, a desolate and dreary spot. The two friends had pegged out a claim, and worked hard for three years. At first failure seemed to follow their efforts; the diggers in the surrounding districts often wondered at their persistence in stopping there, but this last year they had been successful, and had just planned a return to England, where Jack had left his young wife with her old father, when he was struck down with fever and pneumonia, owing to getting drenched to the skin in a violent thunderstorm. Naturally of a frail constitution, the hardships of his life had weakened him considerably, so when the illness came he soon succumbed to it.

The two had been great friends in England, and both had been in love with the same woman; but even when Dick saw Enderby preferred to himself, his friendship for the latter was not diminished in the least, and when Jack, smitten by the gold craze and anxious to be rich, threw up his situation in a provincial banking house for the Australian gold fields, Dick speedily followed him and shared in his misfortunes.

As the doctor had predicted, Jack did not live to see another day dawn, but passed away quietly in his sleep shortly after midnight, and Dick, who was bending over his bed, fancied he heard him whisper, "Elsie."

A few days after his death, Dick, who looked sad and depressed, sent off his little black boy Pete to Warrabuloo with a note to a chum there, Fitzsimons, by name, offering him his claim, and telling him of his intention of leaving for England shortly, and then he sat down to write letters—a business he was not very fond of. Jack had generally acted as scribe. The letter to Mrs. Enderby, telling her of her husband's death, weighed terribly on his mind, but it must be sent off by the next mail. His thoughts wandered off to the quiet little street in Chester, where she lived with her aged father. Poor girl! How broken-hearted she would be at his news! Her husband's last letter was written just before his fatal illness and was penned in the best of spirits; he prepared her for their home-coming in a short time, and pictured a rosy future.

Meanwhile Pete was making his way across the short scrub-like grass to the township of Warrabuloo, which was about eight miles away. The lad whistled and sang as he went along. He was as mischievous as a monkey, and as active as a squirrel. Towards Dick, who had rescued him from the brutality of a cruel grandfather, his devotion knew no bounds, and he would have gladly laid down his life, if by doing so he could have benefited his beloved master.

When he had proceeded about three miles his sharp ear told him that horsemen were coming that way—the acute hearing of the Australian black fellow is something marvelous—and presently two riders came into view. Strangers were rare in that lonely region, for it was early in the sixties, and Pete wondered what might be their business.

The foremost rider, a man with a slouched palm-leaf hat worn low over his dark sinister face, dismounted when he saw the lad, and leading his horse over the short brown grass asked if they were anywhere near the Black Gulch claim, where Dick Stanmore was working; and upon Pete replying that he was Stanmore's boy, the stranger seized him roughly by the arm, and snatching the note Dick had written from his belt tossed it to the second rider, saying peremptorily: "Read it out, Mike, let's hear what the chap has to say." Then turning to Pete, who was wringing and twisting in his grasp like an eel, he snarled savagely: "Be quiet, you little devil, or I'll put a bullet through your skull."

The other stranger, whose physiognomy was undoubtedly that of a low-type Irishman, tore open the note, and as he read exclaimed with an oath: "Bogorra! Joe, we're just in time; he's taking the pile to Melbourne next week," then turning to Pete he asked angrily: "Say, ye young limb of Satan, where does yer boss kape his gold? Can't ye spake?"

But poor Pete was incapable of speech, he was shaking like a leaf, the whites of his eyes had turned a dirty yellow, and his

teeth were chattering like a pair of castanets.

"I'll soon put a bullet in his cursed carcass if he doesn't speak," said the man who was holding him.

"No, don't shoot Joe," said the other hastily; "it might give warning over yonder. Let's tie him up to that gum tree there; he'll be safe enough; it's not often any one passes this way, and he'll have a lively time of it with the ants," this with a diabolical laugh.

No sooner said than done, and poor Pete found himself tightly bound with cord to a tree trunk a few yards distant from the narrow path. He shivered at the cruel prospect before him; it would have been more merciful if the men had killed him outright than to leave him to die of a lingering, horrible death.

"Ta-ta, me son," laughed the Irishman as they rode off; "shall I give yer compliments to yer mother?"

Dick was busily engaged with his correspondence when a shadow cast across his rude table and made him look up hastily. He had heard no sound, and was surprised to see a stranger standing in the doorway; not a very prepossessing stranger either, he thought. The man looked tired and worn out, and said with a weary voice:

"Good afternoon, mate, can you tell me how far I am from the Warrabuloo township? I have lost the track, and am dead-beat; I've tramped all the way from McGillicuddy Gulch." (Dick looking down saw his boots were covered with yellow dust, artfully added after the encounter with Pete) "and I should take it kindly if you would give me a drink of tea before I start again."

The gold-digger is proverbially hospitable, so asking the stranger to come in, Dick got up and reaching the billy from the wall was just in the act of putting in a handful of tea, when a slight click made him look up hastily, to find the newcomer standing over him, holding a pistol to his head. The weary look had departed, and a cool evil smile had taken its place.

"Neatly done, wasn't it, mate?" he said, and whistled loudly. A second figure entered the hut, the respectable Irishman to whom the first said, "Quick, Mike, with the ropes; no you don't," he continued, as Dick made a sudden movement towards the shelf where his brace of pistols was deposited, "no tricks of that kind with Mexican Joe, unless you wish to have your brains scattered about the floor."

At that dreaded name Dick shuddered, strong man as he was, for "Mexican Joe" was a noted bushranger, who had the reputation of being the cruellest and most daring of the fraternity; a large price was set upon his head, but hitherto he had baffled all attempts made to capture him. Dick, looking into the dark sinister face bent above him, felt there was no mercy to be found there. With a dexterous twist of the ropes, Mike had fastened him securely in his chair, and he was as helpless as a little child.

"Now to business, Mister Stanmore, for we've no time to waste," the bushranger said, placing his pistol on the table beside him. "I daresay you're wondering why I've favored you with a call. The fact is, me and my mate here, Mike Brady, have taken a fancy for your little pile, and wish to save you the trouble of sending it to Melbourne, so if you would save your skin tell us where it is without any fuss."

He took up the pistol and handed it in a significant manner. How thankful Dick felt that he had listened to Enderby and had found a secure hiding place for the gold; these wretches should never know where it was hidden, never, he thought, biting his pale lips, and in answer to their threatening looks said "Search!"

With muttered curses the men searched the hut in frantic haste, upsetting everything, turning out the contents of the little cupboard, and tearing up the boards that composed the rude flooring; they then turned their attention to the outhouse where Dick kept his fuel and mining tools. Through the thin partition he heard them cursing and swearing as they pulled the things about. How long Pete was in returning! He ought to be back soon, bringing Fitzsimons with him; pray God they might come in time.

The men returned into the hut in a short time, with a look of baffled rage and anger on their faces. Striding up to his prisoner, with a savage voice Mexican Joe exclaimed: "We've had about enough of this fooling; tell us where you have hidden the dust and we'll let you go free, but, by —, if you don't you shall repent it with every nerve in your body. I wasn't a prisoner for three years with the Apache Indians and I have nothing I have to be afraid of. Little ways, and know how to make a stubborn person speak. Come, answer!" Then as Dick said nothing, but looked steadily at him, he said with a sneer, "You needn't be expecting your little devil of a nigger back; we met him on the way and stopped his little game. So waste no more time; I've given you your last chance."

Dick's heart sank when he heard that Pete had been stopped. No doubt these brutes had murdered the poor faithful lad. In that brief moment his thoughts turned on Elsie and England; no, for her sake, he would never divulge the secret, whatever these wretches did.

The bushranger must have read this determination as he encountered Dick's calm, contemptuous gaze, for he called out to his mate in an angry voice, "I see it's no use arguing any more with this fine gentleman, Mike, so we must try other means to make him speak. Bring me a light here."

"Ay, Joe, I reckon he'll find his tongue soon enough if he gets a taste of fire," said the other, with a hoarse laugh; "ye've brought two or three to their senses wld that before to-day."

We must draw a curtain over the scene that followed, it was too sickening to relate. Dick tried to say that the poor Dick, tortured with fiendish cruelty till he almost lost consciousness, refused to give the slightest clue to the hiding-place of the precious gold, the loss of which would mean so much to Jack's widow. Furious and baffled, the two villains stood beside their helpless victim and consulted together as to the best means of getting to know Dick's secret.

"Curse him!" cried Joe, furiously. "I never dreamt he would turn out so game; I'll slit his throat, and then no one will get his pile if we don't."

Dick heard these words and for the first time groaned aloud; he had not made sound when the men with devilish cruelty had tried to make him speak, but what good would his silence be to Elsie if he died?

"Ah! that touches him," said Mexican Joe, drawing out a large knife, but the other hastily throwing up his hand, exclaimed: "Stop, Joe; I hear horses; let's escape while we can. Quick, man, or it'll be too late!"

Yes, there was undoubtedly the sound of horses galloping over the soft dry turf, and less than ten minutes after the two villains had left the hut, three horsemen dismounted at the door and rushed inside,

to find Dick Stanmore bound hand and foot, moaning piteously for Elsie to give him a cooling drink. His poor face was scarred and burnt, and one of his hands was cracked and shrunken. His friend, Fitzsimons, who was accompanied by two of the mounted police from Warrabuloo, tenderly unbound the cords that were about his wrists, while the older officer exclaimed: "This is some of Mexican Joe's work, I bet, the fiend! And he has only just gone, too. I'm afraid there's no chance of capturing him at present, if he's mounted on his Mustang, Sunbeam, but we'll soon be on his track."

They laid Dick on his bed, and dressed his burns as well as they were able. Presently, a long shuddering sigh burst from his lips, and he opened his eyes to see the compassionate face of his friend bending over him.

"Fitz, old boy!" he whispered, "is it safe? Did I tell those wretches where I hid it?—the gold, I mean; that is what they wanted. But how did you come?" he went on.

"Your boy, Pete," answered Fitzsimons. "Those two devils tied the poor little chap up to a gum tree, and left him to die; but they did not reckon on a blackfellow's power of twisting and wriggling. Terrified of some harm happening to you, he tugged and pulled and bit the rope till he got one hand free, and by and by managed to undo all the fastenings; then he ran to the police station at Warrabuloo and gave warning. His wrists are in a fearful state, poor faithful lad, so we made him go to the hospital to have them attended to, or he would have returned with us. From his description we made sure it was Mexican Joe; the police are on the lookout in all the surrounding district; we should have caught them nicely if we had been here a few minutes sooner."

It was arranged that Fitzsimons and Jones, the younger policeman, should spend the night with Dick, and next morning, if he were able to ride, they should go back to Warrabuloo, where his injuries could be better attended to; there was nothing now to keep him at the Gulch, his friends would settle up all his affairs. But Dick could not rest till he had been assured of the safety of his precious gold; so Fitzsimons, following his directions, went and found the tin box intact in its hiding-place, and brought it back to the man who had suffered so much to keep its whereabouts a secret.

Dick passed a restless night, the pain from his burns was sometimes almost intolerable. Day had scarcely dawned before faithful Pete, his wrists awed in bandages, made his way back to his master's side, and when Dick awoke after an uneasy slumber he encountered the affectionate gaze of his black boy, whose eyes beamed with delight when he told him that it was to his bravery he owed his life. But when he saw the burns that disfigured his master's face and hand, his anger and grief were intense, and he swore he would track Mexican Joe and help to bring him to justice. Dick thought nothing of this at the time, but subsequent events proved the lad had not forgotten his oath. Next morning Dick bade farewell to the place where he and Enderby had worked and toiled so long together, not forgetting to visit for the last time the little bare spot with its rude headstone where his friend was sleeping his last peaceful sleep.

Two months later he was on his way to England to Elsie. His wounds were almost healed, but the doctors at Melbourne were afraid that the muscles of his left hand would be useless permanently. What he felt more than anything was the parting from Pete, who, broken-hearted at the thought of losing his beloved master, begged piteously to be allowed to go with him. But Dick was obliged to refuse his request, knowing he would die soon if brought away from the warmth of his native air to the cold and changeable climate of England.

He commended the lad to his friend Fitzsimons, and left a sum of money to be used for him at his friend's discretion; indeed, the lad would never lack helpers, for the police had been so struck with his bravery and devotion to Dick that they had offered him a post in connection with the police station at Warrabuloo, feeling sure he would be useful as a "tracker," an office for which the Australian native is wonderfully adapted.

All attempts to capture Mexican Joe and his accomplice were vain, though he and his gang had been heard of more than once. A mail coach had been robbed and his passengers ill-treated; a bank had been plundered and the body of a police officer had been found brutally murdered; all these outrages, rightly or not, were put down to Mexican Joe.

Like Dick Stanmore, we, too, will turn our backs on Australia and visit the quiet street in the quaint old city of Chester, where Elsie Enderby lived with her old father. Mr. Campton had been a cashier for many years in one of the first business houses in the city, but his health breaking down, he was obliged to leave, and the firm, appreciating his faithful services, settled a pension on him, which just sufficed for his and Elsie's simple wants. From time to time Jack had sent money home, whenever he had been able to spare it.

Only a month before Elsie had received the sad news of her husband's death. The shock had been dreadful, and the poor girl would have broken down entirely had it not been that her father had a relapse, and for some days his life was despaired of. She was forced to think of him and forget her own trouble for a time. This morning the May sunshine shone through the open window into the little room where she was sitting with her work, looking wonderfully young and fair in her sombre mourning garments; to please her father she wore a widow's cap on her soft brown hair. Her sweet blue eyes were sad and wistful, and there was a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth, grievous to see in one so young.

She had received a telegram from Dick, only the day before, telling her he had arrived in England and was on his way to see her. In due course of time he arrived, looking bronzed and healthy after his long sea trip. The meeting between the two old friends was painful in the extreme. Poor Elsie quite broke down when Dick related to her the story of her husband's last days, and told her how he had striven to make a competency for her.

"Why did he not come back before?" she sobbed. "I was content with what we had; he would have been alive and well now, if he had not left home; I shall hate the money he has left me," she said passionately. "I feel as though it was the price of his blood!"

Dick comforted the poor girl as well as he was able, his heart aching intolerably at the time at the sight of her tear-stained, altered face; how he longed to have the right to press her to his breast and tell her how much he loved her! He spent the evening with her and Mr. Campton, who came downstairs for a short time after tea, looking very frail and delicate. When Dick was saying good night to them Elsie's eyes fell on his left hand which was scarred and twisted.

"Whatever have you done to your hand, Dick?" she said pityingly. He reddened under his bronze as he answered carelessly, "I managed to burn it before I left Australia."

He promised to come again soon to arrange about the disposal of Elsie's money, which, though not a fortune, was sufficient to keep her in comfort for the rest of her life.

"If it were not for father," she said to Dick, "I feel as if I would never touch a penny of it. But since his illness, he needs so many comforts; only yesterday the doctor said it would do him all the good in the world to go to the seaside for a month or two, so as soon as it can be arranged, we will go to Llandudno or Barmouth."

Dick thought the idea a capital one, feeling sure the change would benefit Elsie as well as her father.

This first visit of Dick's was the precursor of many others. Mr. Campton was always delighted to see his old friend, and presence seemed to bring a healthy brightness into the quiet little home, into which many small luxuries and comforts had gradually crept.

"What a fine, manly fellow Stanmore is, Elsie!" her father remarked one day. "I never knew a young man so thoughtful and considerate for others."

"Yes!" acquiesced Elsie quietly. "Poor Jack was well off in having such a true friend."

In July Elsie and her father set off for the Welsh coast, and Dick went to visit some relatives in Scotland. He felt the best thing he could do at present, was to keep away from Elsie, for the old love had returned to his heart with redoubled force; meanwhile he must wait patiently, and act the part of a true-hearted and disinterested friend to the poor young widow.

Six weeks of the pure sea air had brought a faint tinge of color into Elsie's pale cheeks, and made her father look a different creature. He missed Dick, however, and did not scruple to say so. Dick used to play chess with him nearly every evening, a game into whose intricacies Elsie could never really penetrate; she was not the slightest good as an opponent.

"I wish Dick were here," he said one morning, almost querulously, to Elsie, "he said he was to join us here in Llandudno. Can't you write and ask him?"

"No, father dear," she answered, quietly. "You must remember he has a great many friends and relatives to visit in the north, we shall see him when we return home."

They stayed another month at Llandudno, where the interesting young widow and her invalid father in his bath chair, had been great objects of curiosity to the visitors; then they returned to Chester, greatly benefited by their stay at the queen of Welsh watering places.

It was the middle of October before they saw Dick again; he had been shooting with his cousins in Scotland and then had been over to Belfast, where an old uncle lived. He was delighted at the change in both Elsie and her father; she, especially, looked a different being from the wan, broken-hearted girl who had met him on his return from Australia.

Dick had settled down to business in Chester; though he possessed enough to live on without working. He detested being idle, so he invested some of his capital in the same business house where he had been employed before he left England. The routine of the office was at first irksome to him, but by degrees he got to like it, and threw all his former cares and worries into the sea.

His evenings were for the most part spent at the little house in Beauchamp road; its peaceful atmosphere was to him perilously sweet. One night he told them that a friend of his, Arthur Fitzsimons by name, was coming over unexpectedly from Australia; some property had been left him, and he was coming to England about it, and he would spend a few days at Chester with his old friend.

"I should like to bring him with me one evening," he said to Elsie, "I am sure you would like him, he is such a straightforward, genuine fellow, and Jack was fond of him."

"Bring him by all means, my dear Dick," said Mr. Campton, "you know any friend of yours will be heartily welcome."

So a week or two later, Dick came in, accompanied by his friend Fitzsimons. It was the latter's first visit to England, being Australian born and bred, though his father had originally come from the neighborhood of Manchester; he was delighted with everything he saw, all was so new and strange to him.

After the early supper, the three sat round the fire and talked; Mr. Campton not feeling very well had retired to bed soon after tea. At half-past nine, there came a ring to the door bell, and a messenger was sent to see what was wanted; so Dick went out to see what was wanted, and the others were left alone. Naturally their talk turned upon Australia, and the new-comer told Elsie many things about the life her husband and Dick had passed there; never before had she realized the hardships of their lot. Then, somehow, Pete's name was mentioned, and Fitzsimons told her how devoted the lad had been to his master, and how he had saved his life. Elsie was intensely interested, and asked many questions which showed her ignorance of the affair with Mexican Joe.

Fitzsimons was surprised, and asked, "Do you mean to say, Mrs. Enderby, that Dick has never told you how he received those scars on his face and hands?"

"No, he never did," said Elsie, her blue eyes growing large with wonder.

"Dick is a hero, Mrs. Enderby!" said Fitzsimons with emphasis, "if ever there was one," and he went on to relate to her the whole story, omitting none of the details. By the time he had finished, Elsie's eyes were filled with tears, and her face had gone quite pale. Perceiving this, Fitzsimons said with compassion, "Forgive me, Mrs. Enderby, I was a brute to tell you the whole story; but you see," he went on, "the money was a sacred trust left by your husband with Dick, and I really believe he would rather have died than revealed its hiding-place to these wretches."

"Poor Dick!" Elsie answered, "How noble of him. I am very glad indeed you have told me, Mr. Fitzsimons." Just then the subject of their conversation entered the room and apologized for being so long away. "Oh, Dick!" Elsie burst out impulsively, her voice tense with emotion, "why did you never tell us how you received those burns on your hand and face? It was a brave deed!"

Dick blushed like a girl as he answered, "It was nothing, Elsie, any fellow would have done the same; old Fitz here must have been exaggerating, I think."



Elsie

Tailor Suits—Over sixteen hundred of them, and the prices range from \$13.75 to \$200.00. Every possible style, color and kind represented. The ones at \$16.75, \$18.50 up to \$40.00 are especially good, and all have that air of exclusiveness that characterizes our garments.

Separate Dress Skirts—We have an endless variety and the prices are from \$5.75 to \$80.00.

Rich Furs—Everything from the little neckscarf to the handsome coats made from the rarest skins and costing hundreds of dollars.

Flannel Waists—In black and all the pretty high colors. All are beautifully stitched and tucked. Prices \$1.75 to \$7.50.

Silk Waists—We have a most pleasing line in black and every color, from \$5.00 up to \$50.00.

Our Rainy-Day Skirts—Hang right, are made right, and the same styles cannot be found in other stores.

Visitors to Indianapolis during Carnival week will find it a rare treat to look through our line. We also wish to remind you that we are members of the Merchants' Association—your fare will therefore be refunded by shopping with us.

Two Stores

Indianapolis

Louisville

Established 1883

The Largest Dental Company in existence

BEAUTIFUL TEETH (a set) \$2.50

FULL UPPER and LOWER \$5.00

Until October 15th only

TAFT

We are extending the time for these sets on account of "Carnival Week." Impressions can be taken in the morning and the teeth inserted the same day. This is an unprecedented offer, as these sets are worth several times the amount. These special prices are for sets of teeth ONLY.

No Cocaine No Ether No Chloroform

FREE EXTRACTION WHEN BEST TEETH ARE ORDERED

When you come to us you place your case with the oldest established and most reliable dentists in the city. Our best teeth are fitted in on wax, facial traits are restored, the size, color, and shape of tooth selected to suit you.

Our extractor has made painless extraction of teeth a specialty for ten years; is one of the very few dentists in the world who does nothing but extract; is acknowledged to be one of the most able extractors in the country.

We are the only Dentists in the State who Manufacture and administer Vitalized Air.

TAFT'S DENTAL PARLORS

Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Sunday 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

25 West Washington Street

Opposite News.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Cairo is the greatest town of Africa; its inhabitants number 600,000, 25,000 being Europeans.

Most spiders are possessed of poisonous fangs, but very few are dangerous to human beings.

A married couple living near Throop, Pa., who were childless, have adopted fourteen children.

A division of the wheat crop in Ellis county, Kansas, would not give each resident more than 1,333 bushels.

It is said that this year's cotton crop will pay for the cost of production and enrich the South with a profit of \$200,000,000.

The largest body of water in the world having no outlet in the ocean is the Caspian sea, it being 130,000 square miles in extent.

For the third time in twenty years Great Britain has a general election on hand at the same time as the United States.

A Chinaman cannot obtain naturalization in the United States, but the American-born children of Chinese residents are citizens by birth.

The Angora goat is so highly valued in South Africa that the government of Cape Colony has levied an export duty of \$50 per head on each goat exported.

The natives of Hawaii, be they ever so poor, never steal or beg. These offenses are considered almost exclusively to the Portuguese residents of the islands.

There are now on the reservations in New York State 4,500 Indians, and a missionary says at least five-eighths of them adhere to the old pagan religion, rites and superstitions.

Modern machinery is fast finding its way to the small farms in Cuba. Hardware dealers of Havana state that their trade has increased fast few weeks has picked up wonderfully.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, at its recent session in Richmond, Va., rejected a proposition for the admission of Indians having one-eighth or less of red blood in their veins.

California wines are shipped to France, French labels placed on the bottles, and the goods brought back to the United States and sold at prices to pay all expenses and a good profit for the trouble.

Aluminum has been one of the coming metals for a long time, but at last it has arrived. It is now getting largely into the arts and utilities. Its range is all the way from a picture frame to a frying pan.

With the beginning of the present school term the teaching of stenography, book-keeping, typewriting and other branches usually taught in business schools has been introduced in the public schools in many cities.

There is a church in Charles Cross road, London, which has had strange vicissitudes. Its first occupants were Greeks, under Charles II, then Huguenots till 1825, afterward Calvinistic Baptists till 1826, now Episcopalians.

There are thirty-five letters in the Russian alphabet. Some of them have the same form of Roman characters, but as their sound is usually entirely different this similarity is rather an additional puzzle.

Metals for a long time, but at last it has arrived. It is now getting largely into the arts and utilities. Its range is all the way from a picture frame to a frying pan.

With the beginning of the present school term the teaching of stenography, book-keeping, typewriting and other branches usually taught in business schools has been introduced in the public schools in many cities.

There is a church in Charles Cross road, London, which has had strange vicissitudes. Its first occupants were Greeks, under Charles II, then Huguenots till 1825, afterward Calvinistic Baptists till 1826, now Episcopalians.

There are thirty-five letters in the Russian alphabet. Some of them have the same form of Roman characters, but as their sound is usually entirely different this similarity is rather an additional puzzle.